



WHOLE NUMBER 9218

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 12, 1924

VOLUME CLXVI—NO. 45

The Mercury

PUBLISHED BY
The MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN &
A. H. SANBORN Editors
Mercury Building
162 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1762, and is now in its one-hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to advertising men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Specimen copies, in wrappers, 6 cents. Extra copies, 10 cents. They may be obtained at office of publication.

Specimen copies sent free and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

ODD FELLOWS TO CELEBRATE

Plans are being made for the celebration of the 105th anniversary of Odd Fellowship. The members of Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges, I. O. O. F., of Newport, and Oaklawn Lodge of Portsmouth, and the Esther and Emma Rebekah Lodges of Newport, and Sarah Rebekah Lodge of Portsmouth will attend the services at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church on April 27. The celebration will be held on Friday, May 2. At six o'clock a parade, headed by the Municipal Band, with Senator Arthur A. Sherman as Marshal, will proceed over the streets of Newport. Many Odd Fellows will be in line and number of floats attractively decorated will also be seen. At 8 o'clock an entertainment and dance will be held at Masonic Temple on School street. The Mordelia Trio, a violinist, pianist and an artist on the accordion, will be heard in songs, readings and instrumental selections. Herbert Clark, a comedian of high calibre, and Augusta Cooper, a soloist will also be heard. Refreshments will be served, after which Ray Gross' orchestra will furnish music for dancing from 10 until 1 o'clock.

BROADWAY WORK

Work on Broadway is now progressing with considerable rapidity, big steam shovel has been put at work on different sections of the road. The big steam shovel has been put at work at Lake's Corner and is taking out the present surface to a depth of seven inches to give place to the concrete pavement. The rails of the car company have been tamped in with crushed stone for a considerable distance and that portion is ready for the concrete. Excavations are also being made for the new poles to support the decorative system of electric lighting that is to be installed on that street, and the change is expected to make a great improvement in the appearance of that section of the city, the removal of wires being a distinct step forward. The trolley wires will, of course, have to remain, but all others are expected to go under ground.

Many people are still emphatic in their opinion that the new pavement cannot stand up unless a foundation is laid, but it appears that the only attempt at a foundation is that beneath the trolley tracks.

REV. R. R. WHITE RESIGNS

Rev. Robert R. White will retire from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of this city on May 1, and proposes to enjoy a rest for a time from the very trying duties of his position. Announcement of his action was made at the morning service at the church last Sunday, and his request will be presented to the Presbytery of Providence on April 15.

Rev. Mr. White has been minister of the First Presbyterian Church since January, 1919, and has made a host of friends in Newport. Under his ministry the mortgage on the church has been paid off, and much success has attended him here. Mrs. White has also taken great interest in civic affairs, being president of the Current Topics Club, and a member of other organizations. Both Mr. and Mrs. White will be greatly missed.

The lobster season opens next Tuesday, and an unusually large number of pots are ready to be set at midnight. Many local men have granted licenses to take lobsters for the ensuing year, and it is expected that the catch will be rather better than it was last year. Owing to the scarcity last season the price remained very high all summer.

At the annual assembly of the Grand Council of Rhode Island, Royal and Select Masters, held in Providence on Tuesday, Mr. Benjamin F. Downing of this city was elected Grand Principal Conductor of the Work, which is the third office in the Grand Council.

The old Torpedo boat Morris, one of the first of this type of craft to be adopted by the United States Navy, has gone to Philadelphia where she will be scrapped.

St. George's School reopened on

HIGHWAY WORK BEGUN

Street Commissioner Sullivan has his men and machines out for the season's work on the streets, and a busy time is ahead for them. There is hardly a street in the city that is not in need of repairs of a more or less extensive nature, while some of them, by vote of the council, will be entirely rebuilt.

One gang of men is at work on Ocean Drive, where ordinary repairs will be made in some sections and in others there will be more extensive improvement. On Bellevue avenue curb-setters are at work in preparation for the entire rebuilding of that important highway.

Some of the streets that have been recently rebuilt are in just as bad condition as they were before they were touched last spring. Malbone avenue is a conspicuous example. This street was closed to traffic for several weeks last summer, while it was being re-surfaced, but the holes there this year threaten to wreck the springs of every car that passes over them. The present system of building streets in Newport is apparently wholly inadequate to resist the wear of auto traffic and the effects of frost. Much of the highway department money is absolutely thrown away.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

The representative council will meet next Monday evening for the purpose of electing a city treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John M. Taylor. Names of many possible candidates have been mentioned, but several have announced that they would not be contestants. Miss Alice Leonard, who has been deputy city treasurer for a number of years, is still in the field, and it is possible that opposition will fail to materialize when the council meets. On the other hand, it is possible that there may be several counter nominations at the last minute.

There will be several other matters of considerable importance to come before the council at this time, if there should be a quorum—and there generally is a quorum when there is a salaried office to be filled. A resolution to issue \$150,000 in serial bonds for the Broadway and Bellevue avenue pavements will be considered. The Listerated Gum Company has a petition for exemption from taxation of certain property for a period of ten years, and there is a petition for the printing of the Cummings report. Several petitions for amendment to the zoning law will also come up for consideration.

Mrs. Thomas C. Weaver, who died at Hollis, Long Island, last Saturday, was well known in Newport, being a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George H. Draper, and a sister of Mr. George Harry Draper and of Mrs. David McKenzie. She is survived by her husband, who was a former Newporter, and two sons. She had been in poor health for a long time. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

The annual meeting of the Unity Club was held on Tuesday evening, a delightful program of music being rendered after the business session. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Mr. William H. Holt as president, William Stevens vice president, Henry C. Wilkinson second vice president, and Raymond Lawton treasurer.

The athletes of Kolah Grotto were cleaned up in Fall River last Saturday evening, Azab Grotto winning all the scheduled events, with the exception of the bowling contests which were awarded to Kolah. The local Prophets spent a very enjoyable evening in spite of their loss of victory.

Important changes in the running schedule of the New York, New Haven and Hartford trains between Newport, Fall River, Providence and Boston, are to be made this month. On the whole, the indications are that the service will be improved, the running time generally being shortened.

Coal has taken a drop of 75 cents

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

Following the weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the members held a long executive conference with City Engineer Easton in regard to the Bellevue avenue pavement. Specifications for that roadway have not yet been issued, but if anything is to be done this year it will be necessary to have them approved within a short time.

There was much business for the board to consider in open session. A protest was received from the jitney operators, through their counsel, Mr. F. F. Nolan, against allowing the Newport Electric Corporation to operate a bus line through Thames street. It was pointed out that not only would the business of the hackney and jitney men be injured, but that the bus would be a great detriment to traffic on narrow Thames and Spring streets because of its great size. The board voted to instruct the city solicitor to oppose the petition of the Electric Corporation at the public hearing that is to be held by the Public Utilities Commission in Providence next week.

The police department had considerable to offer in regard to department automobiles. In the first place, the present patrol, which has been in service for nine years, was pronounced a danger to those who are compelled to ride in it, as well as being expensive to keep up; having been in the repair shop a large part of the time. Then Chief Sweeney reported that the department needed a machine of its own. Chief Tobin had his own private car which he used almost wholly for police business, but since his death the department had had no car available. The matter was referred to the representative council.

A resolution providing for the publishing of the city manuals was referred to the representative council.

SUPERIOR COURT

Monday was motion day for April, and the docket was looked over and some cases assigned for trial in June. A few motions were heard. There was also a hearing in the case of Jessie Margaret Budlong vs. Milton J. Budlong, on motion for allowance and witness fees as well as to restrain respondent from selling his Newport property, "The Reel." Both Mr. and Mrs. Budlong took the stand and both were cross-examined rather closely by the counsel for the other. The Court granted an order of \$750 a month for Mrs. Budlong.

The case of John D. Doyle vs. John Ralph was resumed on Tuesday, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for possession and one dollar damages. This involved the boundary line of property on Simmens street.

On Wednesday the jury heard the case of Walter L. Nordling vs. William Starr Miller, an action on book account to recover for gasoline delivered on order of chauffeurs. After hearing testimony for the plaintiff the Court granted the motion of counsel for the defendant and ordered non-suit on the ground that there was no evidence to involve Mr. Miller. The next case was Newport National Bank vs. Charles L. Munroe, to recover a balance due on a check that had been cashed for the defendant and which had proved to be worthless. There was no testimony for the defendant and the Court directed a verdict for the plaintiff for \$881.92.

On Thursday the session of the Court was devoted to a trial of the case of Walter J. D. Bullock vs. Philip Albert, to recover for a trade in cows. The transaction was somewhat mixed, but after the witnesses had been heard, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for \$150. A number of cases have been entered as settled this week, and much progress has been made in clearing up the congested docket.

Mrs. William S. Sims gave a very interesting talk on the work and play of the Girl Scouts, before the Lions Club at its weekly luncheon on Thursday.

MIDDLETON

(From our regular correspondent)

Public Health Committee

The regular monthly meeting of the Red Cross Public Health Committee for April was held at the Berkeley Parish House. Mr. James R. Chase, the Chairman, presided.

It is planned to give an entertainment in May, at which time it is hoped that the two films, "Working for Dear Life," and "One Scar or Many," may be shown. It is expected that the health songs and plays which were given last June by the little children may be repeated at this time. A committee, comprising Mrs. Clara L. Chase, chairman, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham and Mrs. Edgar M. Phelps, will secure the films and arrange the program.

The dental chair, which the committee secured some time ago, was returned to its former owner, as conditions were unfavorable for a dental clinic.

A vote of thanks was sent to the Holy Cross Guild for their gift of work on garments and surgical dressings.

The Red Cross nurse, Miss Edith Barlow, gave her monthly report and stated that the Oliphant Parent-Teachers Association had given the Oliphant School a pair of scales and straws for use with the mid-morning lunch of crackers and milk. At the Penobury School the straws were given by the teacher.

Miss Mary K. Nelson, divisional director of the New England Nursing Service, gave some helpful suggestions and urged the attendance of as many of the committee as possible at the sectional conference to be held in Fall River during this month. Miss Nelson held a brief conference with Mr. Earl Anthony, the chairman of the Portsmouth Red Cross.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held at the town hall on Thursday evening. A competitive entertainment in charge of the married members was presented.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Crosby and family of Pawtucket have been guests of Mrs. Crosby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer.

Robert Dennis has been guest of his aunt, Mrs. Phoebe Manchester.

Miss Elsie Peckham, who has been ill for several weeks, is improving.

Mr. Parker Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, is a student at Brown University, is spending his Easter vacation with his parents. Mr. Philip Caswell, Jr., also of Brown University, with his classmates, Messrs. Edgar Bennett and Victor Hill, are spending the Easter vacation with Mr. Caswell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

Mr. Walter S. Barker has gone to Apponaug, R. I., where he is employed by the Lane Construction Company.

The Berkeley Parent-Teachers Association has recently given a year's subscription to the National Geographic Magazine to the Berkeley School.

Mrs. Daniel Hazard, of Dartmouth street, Newport, entertained the Paradise Club at the regular weekly meeting on Wednesday. A reading entitled "Pertaining to Music" was prepared by the president, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, and "Leading Topics of the Day" by Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham.

Mrs. John Alexander Elliott entertained the St. Mary's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary at her home on Wednesday at an all-day meeting. Missionary boxes were packed. Basket lunches were served.

An epidemic of measles is prevalent among the children of the Wyatt School. Many of the cases are only light ones.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Barker, who have been spending the winter with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Stone, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have returned to their home here.

At the food sale held recently at the Broadway Hardware Company of Newport, by the Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association, the proceeds were reported as \$21.

Senator Howard R. Peckham, Representative William J. Peckham, Mrs. Clifton B. Ward, Mr. James Anthony, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, ex-Senator Lewis R. Manchester, and Mr. Joseph A. Peckham, delegates from this town, attended the Republican convention in Providence on Monday.

Miss Grace Anthony of Providence is spending the spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony.

Mr. Harris R. S. Peckham of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, is spending his spring vacation with his parents. Mr. Peckham motored from the College and was accompanied by Mr. Ching Ho, a member of the Antioch faculty, and Miss Hilda Heigh and Mr. William Filene, of Boston, who are his classmates.

Mrs. Alexander Boone entertained St. Paul's Guild at her home on Tuesday. Much work was accomplished. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Briggs of Westerly is visiting her son, Mr. Percy Briggs and Mrs. Briggs.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

John H. Coggeshall

Mr. John Rogers Coggeshall, who had been ill at his home for some time, died at his home on Union street. Mr. Coggeshall was a well-known carpenter, contractor and builder. He worked with his father, the late Joseph Coggeshall, for a number of years, and afterward for himself. Mr. Coggeshall was the son of the late Joseph and Marianna (Lawton) Coggeshall, and was born at the homestead on Gypson Lane, the fourth of the five children—Mrs. Celia Hamilton of this town, Mrs. Martha Bliss of Middletown, Mr. Frederick A. Coggeshall also of Middletown, and a brother Charles Coggeshall. All of them except Charles survive him, as does also a widow, who was Miss Carotta Bickford of Providence, and their three daughters, Mrs. Carl Weiss of Dover, N. H., (Alice), Mary, who teaches the school at "Vaucluse," and Carrolta, who resides at home. Two grandchildren also survive.

Mr. Coggeshall was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, F. and A. M., of the Portsmouth Grange, and a trustee of the Union Cemetery Corporation. He was a direct descendant of the first John Coggeshall, who came to Rhode Island about 1638 and to Portsmouth 1647. Mr. Coggeshall was the contractor and builder of the large barns at Glen Farm, and superintended the work done at Oakland Farm. He also built several schoolhouses in this town and Middletown, the Oliphant School being one of his first contracts.

The funeral was held at his home, the services being conducted by Rev. James P. Canover. The floral tributes were very numerous and beautiful, the various organizations and societies sending floral pieces, as well as neighbors and friends.

Lewis H. Tallman

Mr. Lewis H. Tallman, who died at Athol, Mass., after a short illness with pneumonia, was a son of Frank L. and the late Fanny R. Tallman. He is survived by his father and three brothers, Curtis and Walter, who reside with their father, and Norman Tallman of Readville, Mass. His mother and sister, Mrs. John Quinn (Corra) both died a year ago this month. The funeral was held from his late home at "Cozy Corner" on Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. William H. Allen and the interment was in the family lot in the Portsmouth Cemetery. Many floral tributes included wreaths and pillovs as well as flat bouquets.

A cellar is being dug on the house lot of Mr. Charles Gifford, opposite the town hall. A well has been completed on this lot.

The altar flowers at St. Mary's Church on Sunday were in memory of Robbins Little, son of Rev. and Mrs. Francis K. Little of Brooklyn, formerly of Newport. Master Little was killed in an automobile accident while alighting from an electric car to go to the Sunday School service at St. Mary's Church. This was the anniversary of his birth.

Miss Oriana Anthony entertained the members of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at an all-day meeting on Thursday. The morning was spent with sewing and a business meeting was held in the afternoon. On Saturday the delegates will leave to attend the thirteenth annual national conference in Washington.

Mrs. Emma Sherman is having extensive repairs and improvements made at her home on the East Main Road. A large dormer window has been built on the north side of the house.

Mr. Wm. Gardner Clarke, who has been spending the winter with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony, has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's Parish is planning a dance, which will be held at Oakland Hall on the evening of April 22.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church held an all-day meeting on Tuesday at the Parish House. Dinner was served by Mrs. Charles Ashley and Mrs. George De Lano. A business meeting was held and much sewing was accomplished. The evening was spent with music and games. Refreshments were served.

Rev. George De Lano, who has been attending the Methodist Conference in Providence, has returned to his home here. Rev. Mr. De Lano was appointed to the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Alexander Boone entertained St. Paul's Guild at her home on Tuesday. Much work was accomplished. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Briggs of Westerly is visiting her son, Mr. Percy Briggs and Mrs. Briggs.



Zen of the Y.D.

A NOVEL OF THE FOOTHILLS

by Robert Stead

AUTHOR OF "THE COW PUNCHER," "THE HOMESTEADERS," "NEIGHBORS" ETC

COPYRIGHT BY ROBERT STEAD

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Transley's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 2,000 tons, is on its way to the big Y.D. ranch headquarters. Transley is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, foreman, is substantial, but not super-practical. George Drask, one of the men, is an irresponsible chap who proposed to every woman he meets. Transley and Linder, along with Y.D. and his wife and daughter Zen, Transley resolves to marry Zen. Y.D. instructs Transley to cut the South Y.D., "spite o' h—l an' high water" and a fellow named Land-

CHAPTER II.—Drask proposes to Zen and is neatly rebuffed. Transley pitches camp on the South Y.D. and Linder's Landson's outfit cutting hay. Dennis Grant, Landson's manager, notifies Transley that he is working under a lease from the legal owners and warns Transley off. All of which means war.

CHAPTER III.—Y.D. and Zen ride to the South Y.D. Zen is a natural camp, not yet halter-broke and ripe for mating. Y.D. has taken a liking to Transley. Zen holds Transley off and encourages Linder.

CHAPTER IV.—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Transley and Linder for her favor, but is sorely caught at both. She has another and more marvelous encounter with Drask. Y.D. knowing machines are ruined by iron stakes set in the grass. Zen prevents open war with Landson. Transley half-way purposes and is turned off. Drask resolves to burn out the rival outfit.

CHAPTER V.—Fire blazes up in the Landson stacks. The Y.D. outfit hastens to aid the enemy. Zen rides off alone to help. The mounted chinked and the Y.D. people now have to beat the prairie fire. Zen rides into the river to escape flames. Drask tries to abduct her. She drowns him—or thinks she has. Grant overtakes her. In trying to glide through fire Zen is thrown and knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VI.—Zen comes to after several hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a sprained ankle and both horses have run away. So she and Grant sit on a rock and tell their past lives. Grant, it appears, is a rich man's son who scorns wealth in order to live his own life.

CHAPTER VII.—Y.D. and his men arrive after daylight. Naturally, in the circumstances, having abandoned Grant rides off. Transley goes to the nearest town, then returns and induces Y.D. to go into partnership with him in the contracting and building business. Transley sweeps Zen off her feet by the force of his masculine love-making.

CHAPTER VIII.—Transley sends Zen an engagement ring and she wears it. Then Grant appears and proposes. She shows him the ring. Long she hesitates, but at last decides in favor of the ring. So she and Grant part.

CHAPTER IX.—Transley announces his forthcoming wedding to Linder and sets about at work building a handsome residence in the town. The wedding is set for Christmas day.

CHAPTER X.—The next summer Grant's father and older brother are killed in an accident. He is the only heir to the great wealth and leaves for the East to take charge of the business. Phyllis Bruce, his father's secretary, is the only one not afraid of him. He becomes interested and a chance visit to her home increases his liking for her.

CHAPTER XI.—Grant enlists in the World War, winds up the business in the places his wealth at the disposal of the government. Phyllis confesses her love for him, but he cannot forget Zen. Grant returns from the war a captain and finds his fortune doubled. Linder, minus an arm, is with him. He meets Phyllis and is torn between her and Zen. He has a "great idea."

CHAPTER XII.—The great idea is to go back West, buy land, start a big farm and take care of Linder and others of his men. He starts to propose to Phyllis, but she checks him. He buys his farm and builds a home. While ploughing he makes friends, with a five-year-old boy, takes the little chap to his summer home and meets his mother—Zen Transley.

CHAPTER XIII.—Both are jolted out of self-possession by the meeting. Grant learns that Transley is successful, but he does not say anything but business. At a dinner Grant and Linder meet him and the Y.D. people. Dennis mentions Drask as the probable setter of the fire and comments on his disappearance.

CHAPTER XIV

The next day Wilson paid his usual visit to the field where Grant was plowing, and again was he the bearer of a message. With much difficulty he managed to extirpate the envelope from a pocket.

"Dear Mr. Grant," it read, "I am so excited over a remark dropped last night I must see you again as soon as possible. Can you drop in tonight, say at eight. Yours, ZEN."

Grant read the message a second time, wondering what remark could have occasioned it. For a moment he wondered if she had created a pretext capo to bring him to the house by the river, and then instantly dismissed that thought as unworthy of him. At any rate it was evident that this addressing her by her Christian name had given no offense. This time she had not called him "The Man-on-the-Hill," and there was no suggestion of playfulness in the note. Then the signature, "Yours, Zen"; that might mean everything, or it might mean nothing. Either it was purely formal or it implied a very great deal indeed.

Grant reflected that it could hardly be interpreted anywhere between those two extremes, and was it reasonable to suppose that Zen would use it in an entirely formal sense? If it had been "yours truly" or "yours sincerely,"

burst. And then, last night, his name was mentioned, which brought it all back to me as though it had been yesterday. Time doesn't seem to cure some things, ever, does it? And after I had gone to bed, and was thinking it all over, I suddenly knew there was one man I could tell. That is why I sent that note. . . . You weren't nutty?"

"Angry! Dear—" He checked his lips on forbidden words.

"What?" he managed to say.

"Drask?"

"Yes. I had killed him that day of the fire. It is rather an unpleasant story, and you will excuse me repeating the details, I know. He attacked me—we were both on horseback, in the river—I suppose he was crazed with his wild deed, and less responsible than usual. He dragged me from my horse and I fought with him in the water, but he was much too strong. I had concluded that to drown myself, and perhaps him, was the only way out, when I saw a leather thong floating in the water from the saddle. By a ruse I managed to flip it around his neck, and the next moment he was at my mercy. I had no mercy then. I pulled it tight, tight—until I saw his face blackened and his eyes stand out. He went down, but still I pulled. And then, after a little, I found myself on shore."

"I suppose it was the excitement of the fire that carried me on through the day, but at night—you remember!—there came a reaction, and I couldn't keep awake. I suddenly seemed to feel that I was safe, and I could sleep."

Grant had resumed his seat. He was deeply moved by this strange confidence; he bent his eyes intently upon her face, now shining in the ruddy light from the fireplace. Her frank reference to the event that night seemed to create a new bond between them; he knew now, if ever he had doubted it, that Zen Transley had treasured that incident in her heart even as he had treasured it.

"I was so embarrassed after—the accident, you know," she continued. "I knew you must know I had been in the water. For days and weeks I expected every hour to hear of the finding of the body. I expected to hear the remark dropped casually by every new visitor at the ranch, 'Drask's body was found today in the river.' The Mounted Police are investigating. But time went on and nothing was heard of it. It would almost have been a relief to me if it had been discovered. It had reported the affair at once, as I should have done, all would have been different, but having kept my secret for a little I found it impossible to confess later. It was the first time I ever felt my self-reliance severely shaken."

"Well, now you know," she said, with an embarrassed little laugh. "You see, I have put my life in your hands."

"Your husband knows?"

"No. That made it harder. I never told Frank."

She arose and walked to the fireplace, pretending to stir the logs. When she had seated herself again she continued:

"It has not been easy for me to tell all things to Frank. Don't misunderstand me; he has been a model husband, according to my standards."

"According to your standards?"

"According to my standards—when I married him."

She paused, and Grant sat in silence, watching the glow of the firelight upon her cheek.

"Your standards have changed?" said Grant, taking up the thread when she had sat down again.

"They have. They have changed more than Frank's, which makes me feel rather at fault in the matter. How could he know that I would change my ideal of what a husband should be?"

"Why shouldn't he know? That is the cause of development. Without changing ideals there would be stagnation."

"Perhaps," she returned, and he thought he caught a note of weariness in her voice. "But I don't blame Frank—now. I rather blame him then. He swept me off my feet; stampeded me. My parents helped him, and I was only half disposed to resist. You see, I had this trouble on my mind, and for the first time in my life I felt the need of protection. Besides, I took a matter-of-fact view of marriage. I thought that sentiment-love, if you like—was a thing of books, an invention of poets and fiction writers. Practical people would be practical in their marriages, as in their other undertakings."

"Frank has been all I expected of him," she repeated, as though anxious to do her husband justice. "He has made money. He spends it generously. If I live here modestly, with but one maid, it is because of a preference which I have developed for simplicity. I might have a dozen if I asked it, and I think Frank is somewhat surprised, and, it may be, disappointed, that I don't ask it. Although not a man for display himself, he likes to see me make display. It's a strange thing, isn't it, that a husband should wish his wife to be admired by other men?"

"Some are successful in that," Grant remarked.

"I have not sought any man's admiration," she went on, with her astonishing frankness. "I am too independent for that. What do I care for their admiration? But every woman wants love."

Grant had changed his position, and sat with his elbows upon his knees, his chin resting upon his hands. "You know, Zen," he said, using her Christian name deliberately, "the picture I drew that day by the river? That is the picture I have carried in my heart a secret until it seems to have grown so big I must tell some one. or

mind ever since—shall carry to the end. Perhaps it has led me to be imprudent—"

"Has brought me here tonight, for example."

"You had my invitation."

"True. But why develop another situation which, as you say, has no way out?"

"Do you want me to go?"

"No. Zen, no! I want to stay—with you—always! But society must respect its own conventions."

She arose and stood by his chair, letting her hand fall beside his cheek.

"You silly boy!" she said. "You didn't organize society, nor subscribe to its conventions. Still, I suppose there must be a code of some kind, and we shall respect it. You had your chance, Denny, and you passed it up."

"Had my chance?"

"Yes. I refused you in words, I know, but actions speak louder—"

"But when you told me you were engaged what could I honorably do?"

"More—very much more—than you can do. You could have shown me my mistake. How much better to have learned it then, from you, than later, by my own experience! You could have swept me off my feet, just as Frank did. You did nothing. If I had sought evidence to prove how impractical you are, as compared with my super-practical husband, I would have found it in the way you handled, or rather failed to handle, that situation."

"What would your super-practical husband do now if he were in my po-

"Would it be any better? Or would we go on making our mistakes over again? That seems to be the only way we learn."

"Not a second chance; the idea seems so fair, so plausible."

"For you there is second chance," she reminded him. "You must have thought of that."

"No—no second chance."

She drew herself up slightly and away from him. "I have been very frank with you, Dennis," she said. "Suppose you try being frank with me?"

"All right," he said, "I will be frank. Fate has brought within my orbit a second chance, or what would have been a second chance had my heart not been so full of you. She was a girl well worth thinking about. When an employee introduces herself to you with a declaration of independence you may know that you have met with someone out of the ordinary."

"And you—thought about her?"

"I did. I was sick of the cringing and fawning of which my wealth made me the object; I loathed the deference paid me, because I knew it was paid, not to me, but to my money—I was homesick to hear someone tell me to go to hell. I wanted to brush up against that spirit which says it is as good as anybody else—against the manliness which stands its ground and hits back. I found that spirit in Phyllis Bruce."

"Phyllis Bruce—rather a nice name."

"What was I saying? Oh, yes; Phyllis. I grew to like her—very much—but I couldn't marry her. You know why."

"Denny, you big, big boy!" she interrupted. "Do you suppose every man marries his first choice?"

"It has always seemed to me that a second choice is a makeshift. It doesn't seem quite square—"

"No. I fancy sonic second choices are really first choices. Wisdom comes with experience, you know."

"Not always. At any rate I couldn't marry her while my heart was yours."

"I suppose not," she answered, and again he noted a touch of weariness in her voice. "I know something of what divided affection—if one can even say it is divided—means. Denny, I will make a confession. I know you would come back; I always was sure you would come back. Then, I said to myself, 'I will see this man Grant as he is, and the reality will clear my brain of all this idealism which I have woven about him.' And so I have encouraged you to come here; I have been most unconventional, I know, but I was always that—I have cultivated your acquaintance, and, Denny, I am so disappointed!"

"Disappointed? Then the intruder has cleared away?"

"On the contrary. It grows more distorted every day. I see you towering above all your fellow humans; reaching up into a heaven so far above them that they don't even know of its existence. I see you as really The Man-on-the-Hill. The idealism which I thought must fade away is justified—heighed—heightened—by the reality."

She had turned her face to him, and Grant, little as he understood the ways of women, knew that she had made her great confession. For a moment he held himself in check . . . then from somewhere in his subconsciousness came ringing the phrase, "Every man worth his salt . . . takes what he wants." That was Transley's morality; Transley, the usurper, who had baulked himself into possession of this heart which he had never won and could never hold; Transley, the fool, flittering his days and nights with money! He seized her in his arms, crushing down her weak resistance; he drew her to him until, as in that day by a foothill river somewhere in the sunny past, her lips met his and returned their caress. He cared now for nothing—nothing in the whole world but this quivering womanhood within his arms.

"You must go," she whispered at length. "It is late, and Frank's habits are somewhat erratic."

He held her at arm's length, his hands upon her shoulders. "Do you suppose that fear—or anything—can make me surrender you now?"

"Not fear, perhaps—I know it could not be fear—but good cause may do it. It was not fear that made me send you home early from your previous calls. It was discretion."

"Oh!" he said, a new light dawning,

and he marveled again at her consummate artistry.

"But I must tell you," she resumed, "Frank leaves on a business trip tomorrow night. He will be gone for some time, and I shall motor into town to see him off. I am wondering about Wilson," she hurried on, as though not daring to weigh her words; "Sarah will be away—I am letting her have a little holiday—and I can't take Wilson into town with me because it will be so late." Then, with a burst of confession, she spoke more deliberately. "That's isn't exactly the reason, Dennis; Frank doesn't know I have let Sarah go, and I—I can't explain."

Her face shone pink and warm in the glow of the firelight, and as the significance of her words sank in upon him Grant marveled at that wizardry of the gods which could bring such homage to the foot of man. A tenderness such as he had never known suffused him; her very presence was holy.

"Bring the boy over and let him spend the night with me. We are great chums and we shall get along splendidly."

"CHAPTER XV

Whatever may have been Grant's philosophy about the unwise of creating a situation which had no way out, he found himself looking forward impatiently to Wednesday evening. An hour or two at Zen's fireside provided the social atmosphere which his bachelor life lacked, and as Transley seemed unappreciative of his domestic privileges, remaining in town unless his business brought him out to the summer home, it seemed only a just arrangement that they should be shared by one who valued them at their worth.

The Wednesday evening conversation developed further the understanding that was gradually evolving between them, but it afforded no solution of the problem which confronted them. Zen made no secret of the error she had made in the selection of her husband, but had no suggestions to offer as to what should be done about it. She seemed quite satisfied to enjoy Grant's conversation and company, and let it go at that—an impossible situation, as the young man assured himself. She dismissed him again at a quite respectable hour with some reference to Saturday evening, which Grant interpreted as an invitation to call again at that time.

When he entered Saturday night it was evident that she had been expecting him.

She seated herself beside him on a divanette and the joy of her nearness fired Grant with a very happy intoxication.

Grant looked into her eyes, now close and responsive, and found within their depths something which sent him to his feet.

"Zen!" he exclaimed. "The mystery of life is too much for me. Surely there must be an answer somewhere! Surely the puzzle has a system to it—a key which may some day be found! Or can it be just chaos—just blind, driving, senseless chaos?"

"I suppose we disobeyed the law, back in those old days. We heard it clearly enough, and we disobeyed. I allowed myself to be guided by motives which were not the highest; you seemed to lack the enterprise which would have won you its own reward. And those who violate the law must suffer for it. I have suffered."

"I have sometimes wondered," he said, "why there is no second chance; why one cannot wipe the slate clear of everything that has been and start anew. What a world this might be!"

ZEN OF THE Y.D.

Continued from Page 2

worth their salt take what they want?" "Since when did you let him set your standards?"

"That's hardly fair."

"I think it is. I think, too, that you are arguing against your own convictions. Well, I've had my say. I deliberately came out today without Murdoch so that I might have it. You would be quite justified in bring me for what I've done. But now I'm through, and no matter what may happen, remember, Linder will never have suspected anything."

"That's like you, old chap. We'll drop it at that, but I must explain that Zen is going to town tonight to meet Transley, and is leaving the boy with me. It is an event in my young life, and I have house-cleaned for it appropriately. Come inside and admire my handiwork."

Linder sat down as he was directed, and then the two men fell into a discussion of business matters. Eventually Grant cooked supper, and just as they had finished Mrs. Transley drove up in her motor.

"Here we are!" she cried, cheerfully.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Linder. Wilson has his teddy-bear and his knife and his pajamas, and is a little put out,

I think, that I wouldn't let him bring the pig!"

"I shall try and make up the deficiency," said Grant, smiling broadly,

as the boy clutched at his shoulder.

"Won't you come in? Linder, among

his other accomplishments learned in

France, is an excellent chaperon!"

"Thank you, no; I must get along.

I shall call early in the morning, so

that you will not be delayed on Wil-

son's account."

"No need of that; he can ride to the

field with me on Prince. He is a great

help with the plowing."

"I'm sure!" She stepped up to

Grant and drew the boy's face down

to hers. "Good-by, dear; he is a good

boy," she whispered, and Wilson waved

kisses to her as the motor sped down

the road.

Linder took his departure soon after,

and Grant was surprised to find him

self almost embarrassed in the presence of his little guest.

Where to start on the bedtime preparations was a puzzle, but Wilson himself came to Grant's aid with explicit instructions about buttons and pins.

"You must hear my prayer, Uncle Man-on-the-Hill," said the boy. "You have to sit down in a chair."

Grant sat down and with a strange mixture of emotions drew the little chap between his knees as he listened to the long-forgotten prattle.

At the third line the boy stopped.

"You have to tell me now," he prompted.

"But I can't, Willie; I have forgotten."

"Eh, you don't know much," the child commented, and glibly quoted the remaining lines. "And God bless Daddy and Mumma and teddy-bear and Uncle Man-on-the-Hill and the pig. Amen," he concluded, accompanying the last word with a jump which landed him safely in Grant's lap. His little arms went up about his friend's neck, and his little soft cheek rested against a tanned and weather-beaten one. Slowly Grant's arms closed about the warm, little body and pressed it to his in a new passion, strange and holy. Then he led him to the whineroom, turned down the white sheets in which no form had ever lain and placed the boy between them, snuggled his teddy down by his side and set his knife properly in view upon the dresser. And then he leaned down again and kissed the little face, and whispered, "Good night, little boy; God keep you safe tonight, and always." And suddenly Grant realized that he had been praying.

He withdrew softly, and only partly closed the door; then he chose a seat where he could see the little figure lying peacefully on the white bed.

"The dear little chap," he murmured.

"I must watch by him tonight. It would be unspeakable if anything should happen to him while he is under my care."

He felt a sense of warmth, almost a smothering sensation, and raised his hand to his forehead. It came down covered with perspiration.

"It's amazingly close," he said, and walked to one of the French windows opening to the west. The sun had gone down, and a brooding darkness lay over all the valley, but far up in the sky he could trace the outline of a cloud.

"Looks like a storm," he commented, casually, and suddenly felt something tighten about his heart.

He turned to his chair, but found himself pacing the living room with an altogether inexplicable nervousness.

"D—n Linder, anyway!" he exclaimed presently. "I believe he shook me up more than I realized. He charged me with insincerity; me, who have always made sincerity my special virtue. . . . Well, there may be something in it."

A faint, indistinct growling, as of the grinding of mighty rocks, came down from the distances.

"The storm will be nothing," he assured himself. Even as he spoke the house shivered in every timber as the gale struck it and went whining by.

He rushed to the whineroom, but found the boy still sleeping soundly. "I must stay up," he reasoned with himself; "I must be on hand in case he should be frightened."

Suddenly it occurred to Grant that,

quite apart from his love for Wilson,

if anything should happen the child

in his house, a very difficult situation

would be created. Transley would demand explanations—explanations which would be hard to make. Why was Wilson there at all? Why was he not at home with Sarah? Sarah away from home? Why had Zen kept that a secret?

The gale subsided as quickly as it

had come, and the sudden silence which

followed was even more awesome. It

lasted only for moment; a flash of

lightning lit up every corner of the

house, bursting like white fire from

every wall and ceiling. Grant rushed to the whineroom and was standing over the child when the crash of thunder came upon them. The boy stirred gently, smiled, and settled back to his sleep.

Grant drew the blinds in the whineroom, and went out to draw them in the living room, but the sight across the valley was of a majesty so terrific that it held him fascinated.

Turning from the windows, Grant left the blinds open. "Only cowardice would close them," he muttered to himself, "and surely, in addition to the other qualities Linder has attributed to me, I am not a coward. If it were not for Willie I could stand and enjoy it."

Presently rain began to fall; a few

scattered drops at first, then thicker,

harder, until the roof and windows rattled and shook with their force.

The wind, which had gone down so

suddenly, sprang up again, buffeting the house as it rushed by with the storm.

As the night wore on the storm, in-

stead of spending itself quietly as

Grant had expected, continued unabated, but his nervous tension gradu-

ally relaxed, and when at length

Wilson was awakened by an excep-

tionally loud clag of thunder he took

the boy in his arms and soothed his little fears as a mother might have done. They sat for a long while in a



They Sat for a Long While in a Big Chair in the Living Room.

big chair in the living room, and exchanged such confidences as a man may with a child of five. After the lad had dropped back into sleep Grant still sat with him in his arms, thinking.

And what he thought was this: He was a long while framing the exact thought; he tried to beat it back in a dozen ways, but it circled around him, gradually closed in upon him and forced its acceptance. "Linder called me a fool, and he was right. He might have called me a coward, and again he would have been right. Linder was right."

Somewhat it seemed easy to reach that conclusion while this little sleeping form lay in his arms. Now was the time to do something that would cost; to lay his hand upon the price and then relinquish it—for the sake of Wilson Transley!

"And by God I'll do it!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. He carried the child back to his bed, and then turned again to watch the storm through the windows. It seemed to be subsiding; the lightning, although still almost continuous, was not so near.

"What little incidents turn our lives!" he thought. "That boy, in some strange way he has been the means of bringing me to see things as they are—which not even Linder could do. The mind has to be fertilized for the thought, or it can't think it. He brought the necessary influence to bear. It was like the night at Murdoch's house, the night when the big idea was born. Surely I owe that to Murdoch, and his wife, and Phyllis Bruce."

The name of Phyllis Bruce came to him with almost a shock. He had been so occupied with his farm and with Zen that he had thought but little of her of late. As he turned the matter over in his mind now he felt that he had used Phyllis rather shabbily.

Grant lit a cigar and sat down to smoke and think. The matter of Phyllis needed prompt settlement. It afforded a means to burn his bridges behind him, and Grant felt that it would be just as well to cut off all possibility of retreat. Fortunately the situation was one that could be explained—in Phyllis.

He had told himself, back in those days in the East, that it would not be fair to worry Phyllis Bruce while his heart was another's. He had believed that then; now he knew the real reason was that he had allowed himself to hope, against all reason, that Zen Transley might yet be his. He had harbored an unworthy desire, and called it virtue. Well—the die was cast. He had definitely given Zen up. He would tell Phyllis everything. That is, everything she needed to know.

It would be best to settle it at once—the sooner the better. He went to his desk and took out writing paper. He addressed a note to Phyllis, pondered a minute in a great bush in the storm, and wrote:

"I am sure now. May I come? Dennison."

This done he turned to the telephone, hurrying as one who fears for the duration of his good resolutions.

He gave the number of Linder's room in town; it was likely Linder had remained in town. "It was a question whether the telephone bell would waken him. He had recollections of Linder as a sound sleeper. But even as this possibility entered his mind he heard Linder's phlegmatic voice in his ear.

"Oh, Linder! I'm so glad I got you. I've a message I want delivered to Miss Bruce. . . . Linder! . . . Linder!"

There was no answer. Nothing but a hollow empty sound on the wire, as though it led merely into the universe in general. He tried to call the operator, but without success. The wire was down.

He turned from it with a sense of acute impatience. Was this an omen of obstacles to bar him now from Phyllis Bruce?

Suddenly came a quick knock at the door; the handle turned, and a drenched, hatless figure, with disheveled, wet hair, and white, drawn face burst in upon him. It was Zen Transley.

CHAPTER XVI

Zen!

"How is he—how is Wilson?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"Sound as a bell," he answered, alarmed by her manner. The self-assured Zen was far from self-assurance now. "Come, see, he is asleep."

He led her into the whineroom and turned up the lamp. The lad was sleeping soundly, his teddy-bear clasped in his arms, his little pink and white face serene under the magic skies of slumberland. Grant expected that Zen would throw herself upon the child in her agitation, but she did not. She drew her fingers gently across his brow, then, turning to Grant:

"Rather an unceremonious way to break into your house," she said, with a little laugh. "I hope you will pardon me. . . . I was uneasy about Wilson."

"But tell me—how—where did you come from?"

"From town. Let me stand in your kitchen, or somewhere."

"You're wet through. I can't offer you much change."

"Not as wet as when you first met me, Dennis," she said, with a smile. "I have a good waterproof, but my hat blew off. It's somewhere on the road. I couldn't see through the windshield, so I put my head out, and away it went."

"The hat?"

Then both laughed, and an atmosphere that had been tense began to settle back to normal. Grant led her out to the living room, removed her coat, and started a fire.

They sat in silence for some time, and presently they became aware of a gray light displacing the yellow glow from the lamp and the ruddy reflections of the fire. "It is morning," said Grant. "I believe the storm has cleared."

He stood beside her chair and took her hand in his. "Let us watch the dawn break on the mountains," he said, and together they moved to the windows that overlooked the valley and the grim ranges beyond. Already shafts of crimson light were firing the scattered drifts of clouds far overhead.

"Zen," she said at length, turning her face to his, "I hope you will understand, but—I have thought it all over. I have not hidden my heart from you. For the boy's sake, and for your sake, and for the sake of a scrap of paper—that was what the war was over, wasn't it?"

"I know," he whispered. "I know."

"Then you have been thinking, too? . . . I am so glad!" In the growing light he could see the mirth in her bright eyes glisten, and it seemed to him this wild, darling daughter of the hills had never been lovelier than in this moment of confession and of high resolve.

"I am so glad," she repeated, "for your sake—and for my own. Now, again, you are really the Man-on-the-Hill. We have been in the valley of late. You can go ahead now with your high plans, with your Big Idea. You will marry Miss Bruce, and forget."

"Certainly—certainly," Grant apologized. "But I must introduce one more exhibit." He handed her the note he had written during the night.

"That is the message I wanted Linder to rush to you," he said, and as he read it he saw the color deepen in her cheeks.

"I'm going to make breakfast, Mr. Grant," Zen announced, with a sudden burst of energy. "Everybody keep out of the kitchen."

"Guess I'll feed up for you this morning, old chap," said Linder, knowingly. At the door he glanced back. "I think Miss Bruce has something to say to you," he added, mysteriously.

They were alone—Phyllis and Dennis. He caught her hand in his and led her to the French windows. The sun was filling the valley with a flood of silver, and there was sunshine, too, in the heart of Dennis Grant. He had drunk his cup of renunciation, but he had not dreamed that at the bottom could lie a pearl so beautiful.

"Phyllis—Phyllis," he breathed. He reached out to take her in his arms,

"I think I understand," he said

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, bears the signature of *Chat H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

Chat H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics, at 10 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for the Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about April 15. We guarantee the quality of our goods to be the best.

J. K. McLENNAN

MISS MARIE STITT
Very Popular In Washington Society



BANDITS RAID VILLAGE BANK

Lock Up Girl and Clerk at Bellmore, L. I., Sieze \$6,000 Cash, Then Shoot Visitor.

Abandon Buick and Escape After Swift Zigzag Flight Across Long Island—Patchogue Man Shot Dead as He Enters.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Six robbers held up a woman cashier of the First National Bank at Bellmore, L. I., stole \$6,000 and shot and killed a man who blocked their path of escape. They fled in a sedan that roared up the village street as the desperados fired shots from the car. They left several clues, including finger prints.

The man killed was Ernest Whitman, a bond salesman, employed by Rutter & Co., No. 14 Wall street. Five bullets entered his head and body. The six men, who received \$1,000 each for their desperate work, made Whitman's young wife a widow and their two children fatherless. The Whitmans lived at Patchogue.

The woman cashier, who tried vainly to reach a burglar alarm with her foot, is Miss Mary Umbauer. She lives at North Bellmore.

Five hours after the holdup, the car was found abandoned on Maple avenue, near Hicksville, four miles north of Bellmore. Blood stains on the rear seat indicated one of the bandits had been cut by glass from the rear window as he fled at pursuers.

Miss Umbauer was alone in the car, which took place shortly after noon. In a rear room Rudolph Kowalt, banking room at the time of the holdup, was eating his luncheon when two of the bandits entered the bank.

Charles S. Vanderhoff, head cashier, and Miss Ethel Nevins, stenographer were out for luncheon.

The bandits made no effort to find the bank vault. In it was \$30,000 in currency and securities.

They also overlooked \$4,000 in currency on a tray in the cashier's cage. This money was in packages.

The noon hour found the business streets of Bellmore nearly deserted. On hearing shots, persons ran out of stores and offices. Among these was Mrs. Ida Michaels, wife of a cigar store manager across the street from the bank.

Risking the fire of the escaping bandits, she called out the number on the rear license plate to William Jagy. He jotted it down.

The number of the robbers' car was given as No. 1030617. A car carrying that license number was stolen from Julius Presser, electrician of No. 603 Prospect avenue, the Bronx.

Presser told detectives, however, that his car was not a Buick, but an Overland, and if the robbers used a Buick they must have put the plates from his car on it.

Sheriff Kelsey and Chief Phillips, of the county police, deduced that Whitman deliberately blocked the way of the bandits. He was thirty-eight, well proportioned and known as fearless. The position of his body indicated that he had spread his feet apart in the doorway.

For the few minutes of the bank raid they held the center of Bellmore in terror, but one man kept cool enough to call out the numbers of their rear license plate while a woman jotted them down. Two garage men who ran into the road to get the numbers were rewarded with rifle fire. Three lads leaped into an automobile and gave chase until a rifle shot made them desist. Posses of officers and citizens scurried over a dozen roads and found clues, but no prisoners. The slayers abandoned their car late in the afternoon four miles north of the hold-up scene after a course of many miles.

Whitman, a war veteran, belonged to the American Legion, the Elks and the Woodmen of America. The Nassau County Bankers' Association met in the Bank of Rockville Centre to consider a proposal by one of their members that a reward of \$5,000 be offered for capture of the murderers. Frank T. Delano, president of the Bank of Rockville, is president of the association.

TOLEDO, Ohio.—The death of Phil. H. Miller marks the fifteenth death in Toledo in a few days from drinking denatured alcohol. Two others are in serious condition.

PARIS.—Premier Poincaré indicated France will not accept the findings of the commission of experts on Germany's capacity to pay reparations if it involves abandoning occupation of the Ruhr.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BUENOS AIRES.—Nobody laid down his tools to take advantage of the new law abolishing work for everyone who has toiled twenty-five years.

TOLEDO, Ohio.—The death of Phil. H. Miller marks the fifteenth death in Toledo in a few days from drinking denatured alcohol. Two others are in serious condition.

PARIS.—Premier Poincaré indicated France will not accept the findings of the commission of experts on Germany's capacity to pay reparations if it involves abandoning occupation of the Ruhr.

JERSEY CITY.—Jersey City grand jury refuses to return blue-law indictment.

CHICAGO.—Agitation over pacifist "punks" grows at Northwestern University and University of Wisconsin.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—The Deveaux School, a Niagara Falls military academy, was closed for two weeks because of an outbreak of mumps.

NEW YORK.—The Woolworth Building, the world's tallest office structure, was sold for \$11,000,000 to the Woolco Realty Company by the Broadway Park Place Realty Corporation, a holding company.

MUNICH.—General Ludendorff was acquitted for the part he played in the unsuccessful Nationalist revolt in Munich on November 8 and 9 last year. Adolph Hitler, former Chief of Police Poehner, Dr. Weber and Colonel Kriebel were sentenced to five years confinement in a fortress and a fine of 20 gold marks each.

MONTRÉAL.—Eight masked men, who opened fire on a money car of the Bank of Montreal, escaped with \$142,238 after one of their number and a bank employee had been killed and another bank employee had been slightly wounded.

U. S. TREATY WITH FRANCE

Full Privileges Assured Americans in Syria and the Lebanon.

Washington.—This Government has concluded a treaty with France assuring the United States full privileges in Syria and the Lebanon, now administered under French mandate. The treaty is similar to the agreement recently concluded with Japan with respect to Islands under mandate in the North Pacific Ocean and to treaties with France and Belgium in regard to Africa.

MELLON DENOUNCES TAX BILL

Calls it Capital Levy; Should be Left to States.

Washington.—The increase in the estate tax rates made in the revenue bill by the house was denounced by Secretary Mellon before the Senate committee as "economic suicide."

"The estate tax is a levy on capital primarily and carried to an excess in no way from the revolutionists of Russia," Mr. Mellon said. He argued this form of taxation should be left principally to the states.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

(Continued from Page 3)

"Married since then?"

"So you have, and it hasn't spoiled you a bit. Oh, it didn't take me long to run you down! But I didn't go breedin' up to your house, like I might've done if I hadn't been considerate of you. I didn't want no scandal about it, on your account. So I just laid low for awhile. That is how I found out about Grant."

"About Grant? What did you find out about Mr. Grant?"

He made to draw her closer to him, but she held him at bay. "Oh, you're innocent, isn't you, Zen? What about Grant? That's a good one. Your husband would enjoy that!"

"If you're going to talk to me like this we can't be friends, Mr. Dratzk." (Still no sign of help). "My friends mustn't think evil of me."

Dratzk laughed. "They say a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same," he leered. "That's me, Zen. I know all about you—you and this Grant fellow. How he's been visitin' you when your husband was away, and sometimes when the mald was away, too. I've kept pretty close tab on him. Hasn't been comin' around so often lately. Well, true love never did run smooth. Now I could tell your husband all this, and perhaps I ought to; Transley and me is old friends, worked together for years, but I ain't that kind of a fellow. You see, Zen, I know all about you, and I love you just the same. I love you just—the same!"

He forced her toward him, and she knew that she had spua out her reprieve to its end. She was in the power of this madman. She tried to break from his grasp, but her efforts were puny and wasted against his passionate strength. She struck out wildly, but he crushed down her blows; wrapped his arms about hers; drew her face to his.

"I came to collect an account, Zen," he hissed, "and now you are gain—to pay!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Transley, returning by an earlier train than he had expected, found Sarah at the house and Wilson engaged in dialogue with the family pig. The lad, on hearing the motor, rushed to his father's arms.

"Well, well, what a big boy you are!" cried Transley, swinging him up to his shoulders. "And how is the pig? And how is your friend Grant?"

"Mother hasn't let me go to see him lately. I don't know why. Ever since the night I slept at his house—"

"You slept at his house? When?"

"The day you went away. And mother was there in the morning—"

"Wilson, where is your mother?"

"I don't know, daddy."

He strode sharply into the house.

"Sarah, where is Mrs. Transley?"

"I don't know, sir," said the maid.

Then, frightened out of her reticence by her master's unusual severity—"I think she has gone to the old quarry, sir. She often goes up there of an afternoon."

"A trysting-place!" Transley gasped inwardly. He dropped the boy and, in his own room, found a revolver and cartridges. A moment later he was swinging in long, angry steps up the quarry road. Wilson, puzzled by the sudden interruption of his father's greeting, followed at a discreet distance.

"I've suspected—I've suspected," Transley was raging as he walked. "I've suspected—more than I've said. Give 'em enough rope. That's my plan. And now they've taken it. By God, if they have!"

With every step the wrath and horror within him grew. He was at the quarry before he knew it. He paused for a moment to listen. Yes, there were people present. There were sounds—God, it sounded like a fight!

Transley rushed in. A man and a woman were resting in each other's arms. "I hate you! I hate you!" the woman was crying. "You coward! You coward!" The woman was his wife. The man was—not Dennisson Grant.

Although Transley had a revolver in his pocket it was not his customary weapon, and his thought did not turn naturally to it. In this tremendous moment he forgot it altogether. He rushed upon his wife's assailant, clutching him about the throat.

With the strength of a madman Dratzk flung Zen to the ground, where she fell unconscious at his feet. Then he tore himself free from Transley's grip about his throat. The next moment the two men were swaying about in a struggle of death.

As they swung in each other's arms, crushing, choking, clutching at each other's throats, it was slowly forced home upon Transley that his was a losing fight. His assailant had the strength, and, after a hesitating instant of surprise, the ferocity of a lion. He had broken Transley's first grip of advantage about his throat and seemed in momentary prospect of reversing the situation. There were no talk, no cries, no oaths; it was a silent fight save the grunting and panting which became more and more labored as the minutes drew on. In their clutches Dratzk's stubbled face rubbed into Transley's well-groomed cheek; his snarling teeth snapped, but missed, at Transley's jaw.

Then it was that Transley remembered his revolver. Breaking Dratzk's grip by a superhuman effort, he drew the weapon and fired. The shot went wild, and the next instant Dratzk was upon him again. In the struggle the revolver fell from Transley's hand, and both men began fighting toward it. As Dratzk's fingers clutched it Transley kicked his feet from under him, and the two went down together. Rolling about on the rocky floor of the quarry

they approached slowly, unconsciously, the edge of the precipice that fell away to the river.

On the very edge Transley realized this new and hideous danger, and



The Next Moment the Two Men Were Swinging About in a Struggle of Death.

scrabbled to his feet, dragging Dratzk with him. Dratzk realized it, too, and gleefully, fiendishly joined again in the combat, deliberately forcing the fight toward the river.

"I've got you, Transley!" he hissed, speaking for the first time since Transley's fingers had clutched about his throat; "I've got you, and you're goin' over there—with me! Zen tried to drown me once; now I'll drown you. If I have to go with you. I've got you, Transley!"

"Dratzk!" Transley exclaimed, a light of recognition breaking upon him. "You!"

"Yes, me—Zen's old lover, and you give her to me, or we go out together!"

"You mud, Dratzk, mud!" Transley cried. "Why?"

Bull at that moment Dratzk, by a sudden contortion, whipped a knife from his pocket. Transley felt its sting—once, twice, three times; then darkness fell. Zen, recovering from her stun, sat up in time to see her husband staggering in the arms of Dratzk.

Half a mile away Dennisson Grant had been lazily plowing up and down his prairie field when he suddenly saw Wilson approaching at his topmost speed. Since the night of the storm he had missed the boy tremendously; sometimes he had thought that if only he might have the companionship of Wilson he could be reconciled to the loss of Zen. He knew that a veto had been placed on Wilson's visits, and he bore Zen no ill will; he felt that he understood her motives. But now, as the boy came racing toward him, Grant felt his heart bounding about in an extraordinary manner.

"Why, what's the matter?" Grant cried, as Wilson drew up beside him. "Has something happened to the pig?"

It was a moment before the boy could speak.

"A man—is—fighting my—father—and shooting at him," he gasped. "And my mother's—dead!"

Grant cleared the plow at a bound. "Where?" he demanded.

"At the old quarry. I ran all the way."

But Grant was already stripping the harness from Prince. The next moment he had hung himself upon the horse's back, and, leaving the boy to follow as he could, was galloping across the prairie to the quarry trail. Under his urging the astonished plow horse developed a quite surprising speed; in a couple of minutes they were on the old road to the quarry, and a moment later horse and rider dashed into the rock-rimmed cut which overhung the river.

Grant's first glimpse was of Zen; she had struggled to her feet; thank God, she was not dead. Then he saw the two men by the edge of the cliff; Transley he recognized; saw the knife rise and strike—

The blow Grant landed in Dratzk's face sent that gentleman splintering like a top. Like a top, too, Dratzk wobbled at the end of his spin; wobbled over the edge of the precipice, and dropped out of sight.

Grant fell on his knees beside the stricken Transley; leaned over; raised the quivering form in his arms. Zen, beside him, drew the sorely mangled head to her breast and whispered words of endorsement into ears soon closing in all mortal sounds.

Presently Transley opened his eyes. They were sane, quiet eyes now; the fight was over; only the eternities lay ahead.

"Grant—tell me one thing," he murmured. "You have been straight—with Zen?"

"As God hears me," Grant answered.

For an instant the eyes of the rivals—and friends—met; rivals no longer; friends only, forever. Then the form of Transley shivered in the arms of Zen and Dennisson Grant shivered, and settled into eternal sleep.

* * * * *

The sun of another summer was flooding the tawny banks of the foot-hills when Zen and Dennisson Grant rode together over the old trail to the Y.D. Since Transley's death Grant had not spoken to Zen of love; he seemed to know that at the proper time Zen herself would break silence. And now she had asked him to accompany her

to her father's home, and to spend a few days rounding their old haunts in the foothills.

Y.D., older, but in unimpaired vigor, greeted him boisterously. "Well, well, you old coyote! Had to come back to the hills! They all do. If I was a young man again I'd get me a herd of helpers an' trek back into the country, spite o' hell an' high water!"

The greeting of the rancher's wife was less effusive, but no less sincere. The evening was spent in hospitality and in a picturesque recounting by the rancher of events in the brave days before barbed wire fences pricked every bubble of romance, and as a last hour it was Zen's own hands that carried Dennisson's lamp and guided him to the spare room for the night.

The next afternoon Zen appeared at the gate with horses saddled for two. "Come, Denny, we are going for a ride," she announced, "and in a few minutes their mounts were pounding down the trail which led over the foot-hills to the South Y.D.

Zen was strangely silent upon their ride, and Grant, after futile attempts to engage her in conversation, was content to ride at her side and admire her horsemanship and her beauty. The suffering and the years had left her strangely unscarred; she seemed to Grant wholly adorable as on that day of her unspoken confession when they had met at the ford. Soon she must speak! Well, he had waited; he still could wait.

They followed the trail, little changed by all the passage of years, down the slopes to the South Y.D. They forded the river, and Zen swung her horse about in the grove of cottonwoods.

"You remember this spot, Denny?" she asked. "It is where we first met."

"I remember," he said. "No, he would not be tempted into a demonstration. She must lead."

The sun was gilding the mountain tops with gold, and gilding, too, Zen's face and hair with beauty ineffable. For a moment she sat in the shining light like a statue of bronze. For an instant her eyes met his; then fell. She spurred her horse to plunge and galloped ahead up the valley.

"Denny!" Transley exclaimed, a light of recognition breaking upon him. "You!"

"Yes, me—Zen's old lover, and you give her to me, or we go out together!"

"You mud, Dratzk, mud!" Transley cried. "Why?"

Bull at that moment Dratzk, by a sudden contortion, whipped a knife from his pocket. Transley felt its sting—once, twice, three times; then darkness fell. Zen, recovering from her stun, sat up in time to see her husband staggering in the arms of Dratzk.

Half a mile away Dennisson Grant had been lazily plowing up and down his prairie field when he suddenly saw Wilson approaching at his topmost speed. Since the night of the storm he had missed the boy tremendously; sometimes he had thought that if only he might have the companionship of Wilson he could be reconciled to the loss of Zen. He knew that a veto had been placed on Wilson's visits, and he bore Zen no ill will; he felt that he understood her motives. But now, as the boy came racing toward him, Grant felt his heart bounding about in an extraordinary manner.

"Why, what's the matter?" Grant cried, as Wilson drew up beside him. "Has something happened to the pig?"

It was a moment before the boy could speak.

"A man—is—fighting my—father—and shooting at him," he gasped. "And my mother's—dead!"

Grant cleared the plow at a bound. "Where?" he demanded.

"At the old quarry. I ran all the way."

But Grant was already stripping the harness from Prince. The next moment he had hung himself upon the horse's back, and, leaving the boy to follow as he could, was galloping across the prairie to the quarry trail. Under his urging the astonished plow horse developed a quite surprising speed; in a couple of minutes they were on the old road to the quarry, and a moment later horse and rider dashed into the rock-rimmed cut which overhung the river.

Grant's first glimpse was of Zen; she had struggled to her feet; thank God, she was not dead. Then he saw the two men by the edge of the cliff; Transley he recognized; saw the knife rise and strike—

The blow Grant landed in Dratzk's face sent that gentleman splintering like a top. Like a top, too, Dratzk wobbled at the end of his spin; wobbled over the edge of the precipice, and dropped out of sight.

Grant fell on his knees beside the stricken Transley; leaned over; raised the quivering form in his arms. Zen, beside him, drew the sorely mangled head to her breast and whispered words of endorsement into ears soon closing in all mortal sounds.

Presently Transley opened his eyes. They were sane, quiet eyes now; the fight was over; only the eternities lay ahead.

"Grant—tell me one thing," he murmured. "You have been straight—with Zen?"

"As God hears me," Grant answered.

For an instant the eyes of the rivals—and friends—met; rivals no longer; friends only, forever. Then the form of Transley shivered in the arms of Zen and Dennisson Grant shivered, and settled into eternal sleep.

* * * * *

The sun of another summer was flooding the tawny banks of the foot-hills when Zen and Dennisson Grant rode together over the old trail to the Y.D. Since Transley's death Grant had not spoken to Zen of love; he seemed to know that at the proper time Zen herself would break silence. And now she had asked him to accompany her

Timber in Mines.

The consumption of timber in the mines of the United States has practically doubled within the last twenty years.

Yams Not Sweet Potatoes.

True yams are entirely distinct from sweet potatoes and are much like the Irish potato in composition and food value.

The COTTAGE GARDENER

To Supply Table With Vegetables

Coldframe Is Advocated as Means of Providing the Crispy Greens.

Kitchen gardens were a necessary adjunct to the home in the earlier days, but at present a kitchen coldframe is advocated as a means of supplying the family table with fresh lettuce, parsley, radishes, cress, and other vegetables at periods of the year when it is too cold to grow these things in the open ground. While it is true that the coldframe may not give very good results during the winter months, especially in the northern part of the country, yet in the early spring excellent results may be had from its use, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

The construction of a coldframe is comparatively simple, as the side walls may be made of boards, brick, hollow tile or concrete. Where the construction is of boards, cypress lumber should be used, and it is a good plan to have the walls made double and some dry straw or plain mill shavings packed in the space between them. If the walls are of brick, they should be plastered, both inside and out, to make them air-tight. Hollow-tile walls should also be plastered the same as brick.

One of the best types of construction is simply to put in a little foundation, then set up frames and tamp in well-mixed concrete consisting of about three parts clean, broken stone or gravel, two parts sharp sand and one part cement. The ingredients should be placed on a mixing board or in a box and thoroughly mixed while dry, then water added gradually and the mass turned three or four times until it is thoroughly mixed and is of a consistency that can readily be fumigated as it is put into the forms.

The size of coldframe to build will depend upon circumstances. Standard coldframe or hotbed sash are 9 by 6 feet in size and the frame may be constructed to accommodate one, two, or even as high as five or six of these sash. The front or south wall of the coldframe should be about 12 inches in height, while the rear or north wall should be 24 to 30 inches high, and the ends sloping to correspond with the front and rear walls. Wooden plates, preferably of 2 by 6 cypress material, should be bedded on top of the wall and held in place by bolts.

The first variety to sow is head lettuce, which should always be started indoors. The plants may be set outdoors as soon as the garden soil can be prepared. Keep a reserve in case the first planting should be killed by a hard freeze. In very rich soil, with such an early start, head lettuce of these varieties should be ready in 70 days from date of sowing.

When the head lettuce is set out sow seed of a leaf variety. This may be sown thickly and thinned out to one plant every two inches. Alternate plants may then be harvested half grown, until a spacing of six inches has been reached. All lettuce varieties need at least six inches in the row to reach full growth, and some need more.

Seed of a crisp-heading type, such as New York, the largest of lettuce varieties, or Mignonette, one of the smallest and surest to head, may be sown at the same time as the leaf varieties and the seedlings transplanted when they make true leaves. New York must have at least a foot between plants in the row. It will mature slowly, stand hot weather well and furnish the last crop of the first season.

Cos lettuce, or romaine, which many esteem as the finest of lettuces, may be started indoors or outdoors to fit into the succession where one pleasure-maturing variety follows another. Circuits running from a central receiving set in the living room run to loudspeakers or headphones in every room in a New York editor's house. By means of a clock switch, the whole system can be left running for any predetermined time.

A Well-Constructed Coldframe.

that extend down into the concrete, fasten upon

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
362 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M.

High Forms of Life May Exist on Planets

The brilliant advent of the planet Venus in the evening firmament coincides in point of time with a new declaration of belief by astronomers that the nebulous cloud appearing in the constellation Sagittarius is another universe beyond our own. It revives interest in the time-worn discussion of the possibility that high forms of life exist on other planets.

Not long ago a Harvard astronomer, Dr. Harlow Shapley, had expressed the opinion that Venus might be "inhabited"; photographic disclosures with reference to the tiny cloud speck in Sagittarius, which has been catalogued as N.G.C. 6822, persuade scientists that speculation need not be confined to the relatively limited field of our own solar system. Worlds beyond worlds, universes beyond universes, beckon the investigator on.

It is interesting to compare the newer views of Shapley and others with those of other scientists like Alfred Russel Wallace, who in his "Man's Place in the Universe" argued by a negative process of exclusion not only for the unity of the vast stellar system which we see around us but also for the non-existence of life elsewhere than on our world. Shapley and Wallace agree in the main development of protoplasm. Scientists generally believe in protoplasm as unifying the mundane conditions, though those of the Shapley school would concede that the animal man may not be duplicated in other systems. Scientific opinion, too, holds tenaciously to the theory that matter is uniform throughout the universe.

The conditions necessary to life on a planet, as Shapley enumerates them, are that its sun must be essentially constant in brightness, that distance from the sun must fall within certain limits, that its orbit must not be too elliptical lest fatal variations occur, that mass must be neither too small to attract and hold atmosphere nor so large as to create excessively violent meteorological conditions, that rotation must differ from revolution, that there shall be a fairly high axis of rotation, and that there shall be the definite chemical constituency of air, land and water which is assumed to be necessary to the maintenance of life.—Portland Oregonian.

Misquoted Quotations

It is surprising how many "familiar quotations" are recited wrongly.

Many people make a hash of a phrase from Gray's Elegy. They say, "Far from the madding crowd," instead of "madding," the word the poet coined and used. Similarly they say that some one is seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," whereas Milton wrote "fresh woods."

Then there is the misconception which attributes civil warfare to the passionately patriotic ancient Greeks, who stood so valiantly side by side in defense of their country.

It is an insult to these heroes to say "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." The quotation says, "When Greek joins Greek"—that is to say, when they stood shoulder to shoulder they were almost impossible to overcome.—Columbia.

Suspicious

There was an elderly washerwoman who had a proposal from a young man as she bent over her wash tub.

The proposal made the washerwoman very thoughtful. She washed for some minutes in silence. Then she looked at the young man closely and said:

"Are ye sure ye love me?"

"I sure am," said he.

She went on with her washing again. Then she stopped once more. She looked at the young man more closely than ever.

"Ye ain't lost yer job, have ye?" she said.

Missing

Two young business men shared the same bedroom in a Bloomsbury boarding house.

"I say, George," said one, "would you lend me your green necktie this evening?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply; "but why all the formality?"

"I can't find it."

Relatively Safe

The Customer—Do you guarantee the safety of this razor?

The Salesman—Absolutely. There's never yet been a fatal accident reported from its use.

Italian Clover Is Not Favored**Not Sufficiently Resistant to Cold Weather and Is Susceptible to Disease.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Because Italian red clover is not sufficiently resistant to cold weather and is particularly susceptible to disease, Dr. A. J. Pieters and Mr. Edgar Brown of the United States Department of Agriculture, addressing the meeting of the Wholesale Grass Seed Dealers at Chicago, recommended that no red clover seed of Italian origin be imported and that in certain sections where the winters are severe, no foreign-grown red clover should be used. Observations and careful tests made in many parts of the country by the department and state experiment stations have provided ample proof that these recommendations are justified.

Wherever Italian red clover seed has been tried, with the exception of the Pacific Northwest, the result has been low yields or total failures in most cases, and when unusually favorable conditions produced a fairly satisfactory first crop there was little second growth. Where winter conditions are not so severe or where the snow covering has afforded protection against the cold the other foreign red clover has done fairly well, and because the supply of home-grown seed is not sufficient it is necessary to use it.

Yields Compared.

Actual tests at a number of stations show how seed from various sources produces in the United States. At Ashland, Wis., red clover from Chile produced a first cutting of 3.77 tons per acre; French seed produced 2.9 tons; Bohemian, 3.2 tons; and home-grown seed from Idaho, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Ohio and Oregon averaged 2.85 tons. Here the heavy snows covering reduced the effect of the severe winter. At Spooner, Wis., where conditions were more severe last year, the Chilean seed produced 1.64 tons; the French, 1.84; Bohemian, 1.97, and United States seed 2.19 tons per acre. At Marshfield, Wis., the yields of all lots were less, Chilean producing 1.6 tons, French 1.5, Bohemian 1.4 and United States 1.0 tons. At East Lansing, Mich., the Michigan seed produced 2.48 tons, other United States seed yielded 2.18; Chilean produced 2.2 tons; French 2.25, and Bohemian 1.94 tons. The clover grown from Michigan seed made a stronger seed growth than any of the others, although the European, with the exception of the Italian, did very well.

At College Park, Md., Chilean seed made 2.82 tons; seed from Ohio produced 2.04 tons; French seed 2.48; Bohemian 2.08; Maryland seed 2.42; and Tennessee 2.22. At Blacksburg, Va., Chilean seed produced 1.57 tons; French 1.35; Bohemian 1.10; and a number of lots from different parts of the United States averaged 1.60 tons. At the State college, Pennsylvania, the foreign clovers, except the Italian, out-yielded that grown from American seed, but whether or not this was due to some unusual circumstance has not yet been determined.

Some suggested ratios suitable for a 250-pound sow are as follows: Alfalfa hay, five or six ears of corn, one-fourth pound of tankage; alfalfa hay, two or three pounds of corn; alfalfa hay, three or four pounds of grain, one gallon of skim milk. For young gilts the proportion of tankage to corn or grain may be increased.

Chickens and Eggs Help Improve Home**Poultry Products Favored to Increase Incomes.**

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farm women of Charleston, county, S. C., sold 5,441 pounds of poultry and 10,835 dozen eggs during 1923, as compared with 600 pounds of market poultry and 1,000 dozen eggs in 1920. This large increase in three years was accomplished, on the part of extension workers co-operatively directed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural colleges, by constantly emphasizing the value of pure bred poultry and of the need of grading all products. The home demonstration agent rendered all possible assistance in the marketing of these products, but the good results are attributed largely to the fact that at every meeting held, no matter what subject was discussed, poultry was advised as a means of increasing the home income. Out of 135 women enrolled in home demonstration work, 70 improved their flocks by the purchase of standard-bred cockerels or baby chicks.

In addition to selling poultry, 8,337 pounds of butter and fresh vegetables, amounting to \$2,899.50, were sold in the county. The money earned by the women in these ways was divided into three portions. One part was laid away for a rainy day, one part was spent in supplying special needs of the children or for food or clothing, and the third part was spent for home improvements. Among these improvements, 23 houses were remodeled by having additions, new floors, or new lighting systems. Eleven women bought gasoline irons, two made wheel trays, and four bought kitchen cabinets; 15 planted fruit trees and 138 planted local trees and shrubs to beautify the home grounds.

Alfalfa Hay Tends to Insure Strong Litters

Alfalfa hay fed to sows during the winter months tends to insure healthy litters of pigs. Alfalfa is rich in protein and minerals and furnishes these elements at low cost. There are three ways in which it can be fed: Let the sows eat it from the stock, feed it in a suitable rack; or add about five or ten pounds of chopped alfalfa or alfalfa leaves to 100 pounds of a grain mixture. The leaves can be gathered up from the barn floor where the hay is pitched from the mow.

Some suggested rations suitable for a 250-pound sow are as follows: Alfalfa hay, five or six ears of corn, one-fourth pound of tankage; alfalfa hay, two or three pounds of corn; alfalfa hay, three or four pounds of grain, one gallon of skim milk. For young gilts the proportion of tankage to corn or grain may be increased.

Whole Milk Superior for Fattening Young Calves

There is nothing quite equal to whole milk for fattening young calves. This practice provides meat of the highest quality. If one cow does not supply enough milk to give the calf all that it will consume, then two nurse cows may be provided. Make sure that the two nurse cows are well matched. This will prompt him to lie down a greater part of the time, and it is inactivity of the muscles, coupled with lots of milk, that makes meat of the best quality.

Comfortable Pig Gains

A fat pig that weighs 150 pounds along in February that is eating a pound and half a day out in the open, will just about hold his own in weight. The same pig, in a warm, sheltered place, that is stimulated thereby to eat six pounds of feed, will make about a pound and a half gain per day. In the former case the pound and a half of feed, productively speaking, is lost because no gain is made from it; in the latter case the six pounds produces a pound and a half gain.

Farm Notes

Sweet clover makes ideal pasture for sheep.

Inoculation has been proven to be quite a figure in inducing clover stands to come satisfactorily.

Farmers with roadside markets should take a tip from city advertisers and start their signs several miles down the road.

Since extension work began the county agents have been responsible for 2,500,000 farmers changing their farming practices.

Kerosene emulsion is one of the oldest and most effective of homemade remedies for sucking insects. It is used in fighting sucking insects having soft bodies.

A few days spent in hauling straw and filling the gullies in fields may pay better than an equal amount of time spent trying to grow crops where the soil is slipping away.

A good house powder to use on cattle during cold weather is made from one-half calamine seed and one-half sulphur. Rub well into the wrinkles on the neck, the head and other places where the hide.

Tailor-Made Is Most Important**Newest Fashion Note Promises to Be Forced Into Early Discard.**

Because the tailor-made note is the newest one in fashions of the moment it is stressed as the most important, says a fashion writer in the New York Herald. Already the makers are complaining that it will be overdone, that the afternoon clothes for older women and the evening gowns are being neglected. It is too much copied and exploited, they say, to long endure.

This may in a measure be true, but the unobtrusiveness of the dark colors used will be a factor in preserving its popularity and usefulness, and sometimes after a flare of overpopularity a mode settles down into being an accepted fact, and a simple mode has many more chances of survival than the more extreme types copied for the sake of novelty.

A tailored dress made to order is a thing so difficult of imitation that there is not much chance of it being duplicated to any great extent. There are as many ways to adapt it to the individuality of the wearer as there would be if it were an afternoon dress and no one advocates abolishing them because they have become wearisome. Certainly a review of the ones offered by the makers in Paris reveals an endless number of blouses and decidedly more than in some of the other types.

In the first place the silhouette of the tailored dress is very much diversified by the addition of circular flounces at the front or all the way around, by plats and by panels of all descriptions, by being pinched in at one side or at both and by hanging straight in tonic fashion. Sleeves also present all the variations that it is possible to have in the daytime, from the ultra-smart long tight-fitting ones with sharp-pointed cuffs to dresses almost without sleeves.

Simple Dress Most Successful.

Philippe et Gaston has been very successful this season with unusually simple dresses. In them the long, narrow belted waistline is used and the long, fairly tight sleeve. In one dress the main feature of the decoration consists of insets of lace running in contrary direction to the rest of the material, beginning with a perpendicular cut of material in the blouse and horizontal in the skirt. A long, very narrow vest is of white tucked material, with collar to match. With this simple dress, quite complete in itself, is a straight jacket with bands of crosswise material running the length of the fronts.

The ingot vest is a marked characteristic of the tailored mode from this house, for it again appears in a model of dark blue rayon with vest of white silk embroidered in severe points all around the edges. So deep is this vest that the lower part of it is crossed by the belt. In this model note, too, the increased height of the collar and the manner in which it stands frankly up around the chin.

All that has been said about the straight unchanged silhouette seems to be merely a matter of comparison. In many of its latest manifestations it cannot be called straight and still make use of the circular blouse with a perpendicular cut of material in the blouse and horizontal in the skirt. A long, very narrow vest is of white tucked material, with collar to match. With this simple dress, quite complete in itself, is a straight jacket with bands of crosswise material running the length of the fronts.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

This is a form of the tailored or simple day dress that Drexell makes use of in a successful model which has for its chief decoration insets of finely plaited material. The color scheme of this dress is dark blue.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 11, 1874

At the coming city election there are to be at least three candidates in the field for mayor; which will defeat the election at the first trial. Gen. Arnold L. Burdick has announced himself a candidate, and the friends of Henry H. Fay have already put his name in the list.

The following Lodges and Encampments have accepted the invitation of Rhode Island Lodge to be present at the celebration of the 55th anniversary on the 27th: Narragansett Encampment, Mazesja Encampment, Uncas Encampment, and Unity Lodge, all of Providence. A parade will take place in the forenoon, followed by a dinner at the Academy of Music, and in the evening a grand ball.

James Gordon Bennett has rented the Cushing cottage on the Avenue for the coming season.

Alfred Smith informs us that he has rented seventy-three furnished cottages for the coming season at rents from \$400 up to \$5,000. He has now about fifty more to rent. He has made thirty-five sales of real estate in the last ninety days, amounting to \$167,746.07.

In the year 1873 five thousand nine hundred and twenty arrests for drunkenness were made in Providence.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal, "Bald Mountain seems to have quieted down now, and some of the people around there are beginning to fear they got religion a good while before there was really any necessity for it."

Three new houses are going up on Francis street, with a prospect of two more soon. This part of the city is outgrowing all other parts.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 15, 1899

Monday night the organization of Aquidneck Chapter, of the Order of the Eastern Star was completed. The officers of the Grand Chapter were present and, assisted by the officers of the Pawtucket and Woonsocket Chapters, the beautiful ritual of the Order was exemplified in a very impressive manner. The officers of Aquidneck Chapter were elected and installed. The new Chapter starts off with nearly one hundred members.

A mail bag was lost between here and Boston on March 17. It contained many checks, both of the banks and private individuals, but as far as known the only loss to anyone is in the trouble caused to issue duplicate checks. How a mail bag could be lost between here and Boston no one seems to be able to tell.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride on Pleasant street on Tuesday. Rev. Dr. Randolph officiated and united in marriage William G. Kerr and Miss Jennie S. King. After a collation had been served and congratulations received, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr left town for an extended wedding journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Landers, Jr., have returned from their wed-ding trip and have taken up their residence on Calvert street.

Coal from the Coal Mines in Portsmouth, operated by the New England Compressed Coal Company, has been placed on the market and is giving good satisfaction.

Mr. Daniel Brown, Carrier No. 1 at the Postoffice, died at his home on Broadway at an early hour Monday morning, after an illness of several months' duration. Mr. Brown enlisted in the Twelfth Rhode Island Regiment during the Civil War, receiving wounds at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Rev. Henry Morgas Stone assumed the duties as rector of Trinity Church last Sunday; his assistant, Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, also entering upon his work at the same time.

All real estate men predict a very prosperous season for Newport. Let us hope that their predictions will prove true.

Our Portsmouth fellow citizens have just passed through about as warm a political contest as have the people of Newport. It took a very careful recount to settle who was elected.

Darius Allen, the Rhode Island weather prophet, whom the residents of the western part of the state have sworn by, and have recently sworn at, says we shall have a cold, disagreeable summer with a snow storm in August. Foster, the very accurate Mercury prophet, says the coming summer will be hot; too hot. The result proved the Mercury prophet correct.)

There is a new Society formed in this city under the name of Descendants of Founders and Settlers on Aquidneck Island prior to 1644.

400-Ton Granite Block

Near Copenhagen a block of granite weighing more than 400 tons was lifted from the ocean bed and moved to a place miles distant. In the same neighborhood hurricanes drove far up on the shore sheets of ice that, when melted, left piles of ocean sed rocks, chains and parts of sunken vessels.

STARTED ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY

The round the world fliers left Seattle Sunday morning, after a delay of seventeen days. There are four of these United States army planes equipped for this long flight of some 39,000 miles, which will more than once and a half encircle the globe, in the most direct line, and is expected to take some four months in accomplishing. Their route from Seattle is up the Pacific coast to Sitka, Alaska, and out over the Aleutians to the Island of Attu, thence to Shimushir Island, Japan, and on down to Nagasaki. From Japan the route leads to Shanghai and Canton, China, and on to Hanoi, in French Indo-China, thence to Mandalay, Calcutta, Delhi and Karachi, all in India. Thence the course lies across Persia, Irak (Mesopotamia), Syria and Turkey to Constantinople. From there the route extends over Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Austria, to Munich and Strasbourg, Germany, then to Paris and London. From England the fliers will take either the northern course over Iceland and Greenland and down to Labrador, or touch at the Azores and then cross the Atlantic to St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The first major section of the route is from Seattle to Shimushir, Japan. The aviators hope to cross the second section (Japan and China) early in June, after the rainy season. They hope to reach England early in August so as to cross the Atlantic before the storm season begins.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS

- God parted the waters of the river Jordan and the Israelites crossed on dry land.
- Christ was born in a stable.
- Samson's great strength was in his hair.
- The scattering of mankind over all the earth happened in the days of Peleg.
- Terah was Abram's father.
- The river Nile turning into blood was Egypt's first plague.
- Frogs and lice were the second and third plagues of Egypt.
- Three angels appeared to Abraham in the form of men.
- Rachel was guilty of stealing her father's images.
- God called Gideon to lead Israel against the Midianites.
- A terrible famine swept Egypt and Canaan while Joseph was there.
- When they reached the promised land, the Israelites took Jericho first.
- Delilah had Samson's head shaved.
- David was at Kiklag when the decisive battle between Saul and the Philistines was fought.
- David ordered his soldiers to kill the man who had killed Saul.
- David left a song of lamentation as a record of his love for Saul and Jonathan.
- David was 30 years old when all Israel came to anoint him King.
- David burnt the gods of the Philistines.

MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- With whom did Daniel go to Babylon?
- Who was Caesar Augustus?
- What is the meaning of "Satan" and "the devil"?
- Of what nation were the soldiers who rescued Paul?
- After what form was man created?
- How was the Garden of Eden watered?
- Where is the allotted age of man now recorded in the Bible?
- What does the apostle in Hebrew 11:5 say of Enoch?
- When did Noah preach to the wicked people?
- What mighty nations have their origin given in chapters 10 and 11 of Genesis?
- Where was Canaan?
- What is it now called?
- What was used for a burnt offering?
- What line of procedure was followed out in giving this offering?
- How much of the book of Isaiah is historical?
- To what place was Ezekiel carried a captive?
- In whose reign did Micah prophesy?
- What was the meaning of the peace offering?

Meaning of "Stone Age."

The term "Stone Age" is commonly used to denote the earliest recognized stage in the development of human culture as defined by the materials used by man for weapons, utensils, etc. The phrase is somewhat misleading, since it is probable that primitive man made use of wood and other perishable materials to a far greater extent than of stone, and consequently the stage is defined by the prevailing material of the tools which have survived, not by that of actual implements in common use.

Preserving Honey.

Extracted honey can be kept indefinitely if it has been fully ripened before extracting, and if it is not exposed to the moisture of the air. It usually crystallizes in a few weeks or months, but may be liquified at any time, and will retain its flavor and consistency indefinitely.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

The Democratic State Convention to nominate delegates to the National Convention in New York in July, was held in Providence on Tuesday, when 14 delegates were chosen to represent the party in this state, all pledged to support Governor Smith of New York for President. The delegates and alternates are: Delegates—Gov. Flynn, Lt. Gov. Toupin, Patrick H. Quinn, James E. Donne, Mrs. Jane A. Newton, Mrs. Susan Sharpe Adams, Mrs. Isabelle Ahern O'Neill, Mrs. Julia T. Myers, William H. Thornley, Harvey A. Baker, Luigi de Pasquale, Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan of Newport, Herve J. Legace, and Mayor Joseph A. Dolan of Central Falls. Alternates: Alberic A. Archambault, Michael F. Costello, John Barone, Mrs. Mary A. Meade, Mrs. Mary J. Lynch, Mrs. Alice W. Troy, Mrs. Isabelle M. Busch, Dr. Charles A. White, Patrick J. Murphy of Newport, John C. Mahoney, Miss Elizabeth Burns, Mrs. Rose A. Vouault, Edward L. Singisen, Mrs. Catherine G. F. Blake.

The resolutions adopted condemned the acts before Congress pertaining to the oil scandals and other political matters, upholding the Democratic filibuster in the state senate, commanding the Lieutenant Governor of the state for his acts as presiding officer of the senate, praising the General Treasurer Knowles and Attorney General Carpenter for their acts, condemning the Republican resolutions against the K. K. K. passed the day before, as insincere.

The convention was presided over by Theodore Francis Greene of Providence.

BLOCK ISLAND

Old Timers Organize

The Old Timers Club have organized a baseball team and are anxious to cross bats with Capt. Josiah Peckham's Jitney Bull Tossers on some Saturday afternoon in the near future. For the Old Timers Capt. Jerry Littlefield has signed up the following talent: Catcher, Irving Ball; 1st Base, Bill Dodge; 2nd Base, Oscar Willis; Short stop, Hiram Willis; 3rd Base, Dick Standman. Other candidates who have been ordered out to practice on Wednesday afternoon include Zeke Rose, Leslie Dodge, George A. Mitchell, and Channing Littlefield. Sam Maloof, Harold Littlefield and Rastus Sprague are being held in reserve for the pitching staff.

The proceeds of the game in view will be turned over to the local Improvement Society for the construction of a cement sidewalk to extend from the Old Harbor to the Surf Hotel.

The Willing Workers of the Free Baptist Church at the West Side held their weekly meeting with Mrs. John Dodge last Wednesday. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

MIDDLETOWN

Miss Amy Demery, of the Rhode Island College of Education, is spending her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Demery.

The Berkeley Sewing Class met with Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham. There was a large attendance, the older girls learning to make a bound pocket while the younger girls played games. New officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows:—President, Miss Priscilla Peckham; Secretary, Miss Pauline Peckham. Plans for the future were discussed. The next meeting will be on April 19, at the home of Miss Peckham, the leader.

The millinery class of the Newport County Farm Bureau was held at the home of Mrs. John H. Peckham, under the direction of Miss Laura Piddeau, the home demonstration agent, assisted by Mrs. Powers, from one of the Newport classes. Ten members are making silk hats and two members hats of straw and silk.

PORTSMOUTH

Miss Rose Faulkner has returned to her home in Fall River after spending a few days with Miss Isabelle F. Fish.

Miss Jessie Napier has gone to New York to visit her brother and friends.

A cellar is being dug for the foundation of a house on the lot at the foot of Quaker Hill recently purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Chase.

Mr. Jethro H. Peckham attended the annual meeting of the Grand Council of Masons in Providence on Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen have returned to this town, where they have opened their home at the foot of Quaker Hill. They have been spending the winter in Providence.

Singing the Old Songs.

"Ah, for the old days!" sighed the old-fashioned young man. "The girls of today are not at all like their mothers used to be! Why, I'll let you don't know what needles are for!" He glanced with scorn at the modern girl. "I do, too!" she flashed. "They're for phonographs!"—Wayside Tales.

The Hunter's Moon.

"Hunter's Moon" was the name given to the lunation immediately following the harvest moon. Owing to the small angle that is made by this moon's orbit with the horizon, it rises like the harvest moon, at the same hour for several days. It is so called, however, not because it enables the hunter to pursue his game at night, as is generally supposed, but because, the crops having been harvested in September, there is nothing to interfere with the sportsman's pleasure.

Irritating Gases Prevent Colds.

Scientists have come upon the fact that men and women who work in factories where there are irritating gases rarely if ever suffer from colds. This is due to the gases acting as an irritant, keeping the membrane inside the nasal passages moist so that the germs do not live. For this reason elderly people once used snuff, it is said.

The Old Savannah.

The Savannah was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. On May 24, 1830, she left Savannah for Liverpool, which port was reached in 27 days; 80 hours of which time she was operated by steam power. The vessel was first constructed as a sailing packet, but an auxiliary engine and boiler with paddle-wheels were fitted before she was placed in service.

Language of Plaids.

In Scotland plaids are worn for purposes of identification, signifying also the wearer's occupation, revealing whether he or she is engaged at the time in business, war or pleasure. Some of the "plaids" now being worn here make a real Scotswoman wonder if his boyhood study of clan insignia wasn't wasted.

Elemental Spirits.

Elemental spirits were beings who, according to popular belief in the Middle Ages, presided over the four elements, living in and ruling them. The elemental spirits of fire were called salamanders, those of water undines; those of air, sylphs, and those of earth, gnomes.

The Letter Was Mailed.

Mistaking a fire box for a mail box, a New York man laid his letter on top and prised the handle. Four engine companies, two fire trucks, a water tower, two battalion chiefs and a deputy chief arrived in great excitement. A fireman mailed the letter in a nearby mail box.

What's in Aurora Borealis.

The aurora borealis consists of cathodic rays, which are composed of electric particles emitted by the sun at a speed of many thousand miles a second and so small that several millions placed side by side would not cover an inch.

Ice for Fruit.

An average of 18 tons of ice is required for the refrigeration of a carload of fruit in transit between southern California and the Atlantic seaboard.

Three Accurate Clocks.

Three clocks kept in a crypt in the Park Observatory, where the temperature practically never varies, are accurate to three ten-thousandths of a second a day.

Dig Up Fossils.

The Chinese "mine," the 2,000,000-year-old fossilized remains of prehistoric animals for use as medicine, supply Chinese drug stores with "dragon's teeth" and "dragon's bones."

Washington Stayed at Home.

Washington was never outside the confines of this country except when he accompanied to the West Indies his half-brother, Lawrence, from whom, later, he inherited Mt. Vernon.

Inventor Died Insane.

Frederick Sauvage, who is credited with the invention of the screw propeller, was imprisoned and died bankrupt and insane.

Dicks of a Situation.

At a lecture, if one is struggling to suppress a cough, he misses some of the lecture and if he doesn't struggle, somebody else misses it.

Rats Are Numerous.

Rodents comprise more than one-third of all living species of mammals and exceed any other mammalian order in the number of individuals.

Right Again.

"An argument," said Uncle Elton, "is most generally made up of two or more men tryin' to 'plain' somethin' dey don't none of 'em fully understand."

Not Useless.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else.—Charles Dickens.

Quite a Difference.

Optimists talk about what they are going to do; pessimists about what others are not going to.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Frank L. Tinkham of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middlesex, R. L. Administrator with the will annexed of the estate in Rhode Island of George A. Read, late of said Taunton, deceased, has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator, has appointed George Alvah Simmons of said Middlesex as his agent in the State of Rhode Island, and that the Post Office address of said agent is R. P. D. No. 2, Newport, R. I.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court within six months from April 12, 1924, the date of the first advertisement of this notice.

ALBERT L. CHASE.

Probate Clerk.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE

NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this

and they GET RESULTS

CIRCULATION
OVER
6400
DAILY

TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR
WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT.
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR
FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR
REPEATS

For Sale
To Let
Help Wanted
Business
Lost and Found

For Sale
To Let
Help Wanted
Business
Lost and Found

CRIMSON HEAT

"Buy It Good"